

KUT DEFENDER'S STIRRING MESSAGE TO THE KING

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

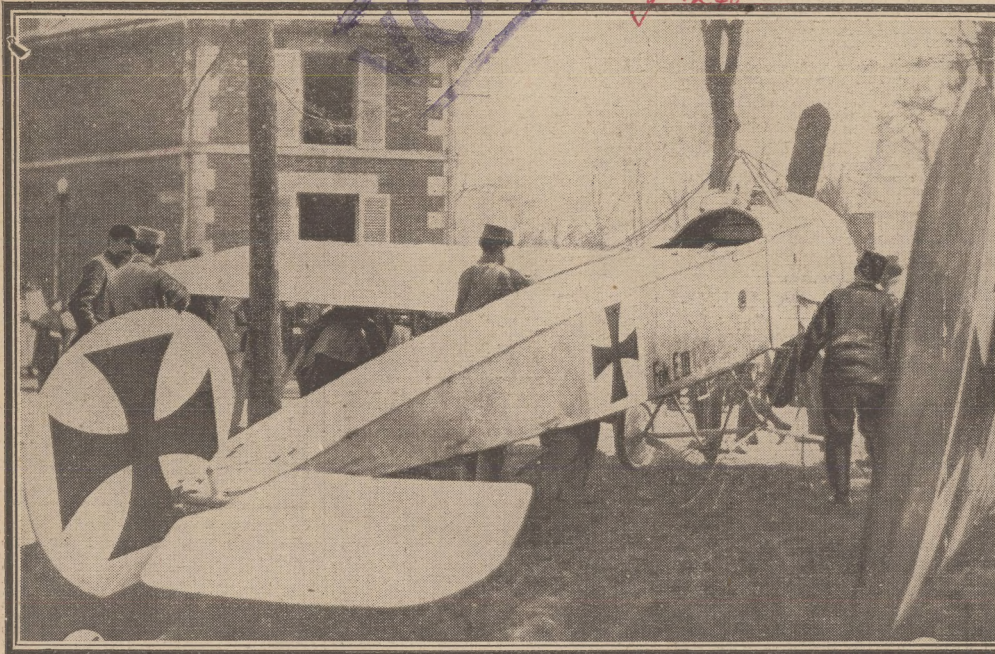
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TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1916

One Halfpenny.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEW TYPE OF FOKKER: MACHINE
CAPTURED INTACT BY THE FRENCH.



Dismantling the machine after its capture. One of the wings, it will be noticed, has already been removed.

Mynheer Fokker, the young inventor.



Side view of engine chamber, showing gun which fires through the propeller.



General Gourard, who lost an arm in action, inspecting the machine.

This machine, which was made "to bite the dust" by the French, fell in our Allies' lines on the western front. It was brought down intact, and thus proved a very valuable capture. The famous Fokker aeroplanes bear the name of the inventor, a young Dutch

airman, and questions were recently asked in Parliament as to why the British Government did not accept the machine when offered to them. This elicited the reply that the first two patterns were of no value.

"SOOTHING" WOODEN GUN A CRIME.

"K. J.'s" Stern Indictment of the Government.

WIMBLEDON'S MILESTONE.

"I would sooner do seven days' hard labour than fight an election in seven days." This candid confession was made by Mr. Kennedy Jones to a meeting of Wimbledon electors at Purley last night.

"Party is finished," he continued. "There will be no parties until this war is ended, and there may never be parties until the wastage occasioned by the war is repaired."

The decision of this war was going to be either on the western frontier or in the air. He was inclined to think it would be in the air.

In the making of a wooden gun to soothe and allay the public, the Coalition Government was guilty of a crime which ought to receive the severest condemnation possible.

The Government did not mind losing a battle, but they dreaded losing an election.

AFTER TWENTY MONTHS!

After twenty months we had no air service that was efficient, no air force, no War Council. There were still Germans at large, and we were without a policy of any shape or kind whatever.

Mr. Kennedy Jones was followed by Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., who made some trenchant remarks regarding the necessity for overwhelming power in the air.

He said that the future of our country and our Empire depended upon whether or not we were supreme in the air.

If he were a German resident in Wimbledon he should sit up all night and work all day to prevent Mr. Kennedy Jones having a seat in the House of Commons.

In ten years' time at the cost of half a dozen battleships we could build 200,000 aeroplanes.

Mr. Kennedy Jones continued his lightning tour of the constituency yesterday.

Until Sunday some uncertainty was felt with regard to the prospects of the Independent candidate, even by his most devoted supporters.

To smash a party machine in less than a week is a task that would tax the labour of a Hercules.

"JUST THE MAN WE WANT."

Sunday night's meeting, however, has completely altered the aspect of affairs, and the followers of "K. J."—whose number increases hourly—are confident of the success of their candidate.

That meeting marked a milestone in the political history of Wimbledon. Neither Mr. Kennedy Jones nor Mr. Pemberton Billing had ever spoken with such force, fervour or simple direct eloquence.

Already effects of the meeting have been felt in every part of the constituency. It has proved a great rallying call of encouragement.

One of the electors of Wimbledon, who was present at the meeting, expressed to *The Daily Mirror* his opinion of the Independent candidate.

"He's just the sort of man we want," he said. "I don't mind telling you that my people about here are beginning to feel just a bit 'fed-up' with the politicians."

The constituency is plentifully beplastered with bills, and both the rival candidates have been exercising their ingenuity in the matter of useful catch phrases.

One of the best of the "K. J." posters is: "Don't send a dummy gun to Parliament. Vote for Kennedy Jones."

There is a strong working-class element in the constituency, and it is believed that this will vote practically solid for the "Push and Go" candidate.

MR. BONAR LAW'S MESSAGE.

Mr. Bonar Law has telegraphed to Sir Stuart Coats, the Coalition candidate:—

"Allow me to send you my best wishes in your contest. May I express the hope that the electors of Wimbledon will follow the wise advice of your old and universally respected member, Mr. Chaplin, by returning you with a triumphant majority?"

FATHER OF TWENTY-TWO CHILDREN.

When charged at Guildhall yesterday with stealing a chine of mutton from the Meat Market, Joseph Atesbury, a market porter, asked the alderman to treat it as a first offence, as he was the father of twenty-two children, with some at the front.

A detective said that he had long been suspected of theft.

Sir John Baddeley said that as these robberies were so frequent he could not look over it, and sentenced him to twenty-one days' hard labour.

HIS POLITICAL CONSCIENCE.

"I refuse to volunteer for service in the English Army until I have the right of self-government," said an Irishman named McCarthy at the City Appeal Tribunal yesterday.

As an Irish Nationalist I cannot conscientiously serve until Ireland has the Home Rule Bill in operation, not merely on the Statute book. I think that as good a conscientious objection as any other.

His appeal was dismissed.

NEW GENERATION.

447,184 Boys and 431,912 Girls Born in 1914.

LOWEST BIRTH RATE.

The births of boys in England and Wales in 1914 numbered 447,184, and those of girls 431,912, the proportion being 1.035 to 1.000. This proportion as compared with other countries is "very low," the ratio most commonly returned being from 1.050 to 1.080.

Such is an interesting fact revealed in the Registrar-General's 77th annual report on births, deaths and marriages for 1914.

In 1914 the birth rate was 23.8 per 1,000, and was 2.1 below the average for the preceding decade. It was the lowest on record, being 0.1 below that of 1912, which was the next lowest.

The marriage rate for that year was 15.9 per 1,000, being 0.2 above the rate in the preceding year and 0.5 above the average in the ten years 1904-1913.

The death rate in 1914 was 14.0 per 1,000, and was 0.7 below the average for the ten preceding years. Although higher than the rates in 1910, 1912 and 1913, it was otherwise the lowest rate on record.

Infant mortality was 105 per 1,000 births, being 14 per 1,000 below the average for the preceding decade. It was the lowest rate on record, excepting an equal rate in 1910, and a lower one in 1912.

A new table in the report giving the numbers of marriages in registration counties of groups of ages shows "that the age at first marriage is conditioned mainly by occupation."

On this classification it will be found that the mining group has the highest proportion of early marriages, the industrial the second highest proportion in the early group, the residential group is the third in early marriages and the agricultural is the lowest.

Cancer caused a higher death-rate than in any preceding year.

ACTRESS' DENIAL.

Allegation That She Is Married Made in Breach Suit Sequel.

That Miss Doris Rhoda Burton, who recently obtained £750 damages from Mr. George Dresden, a Hatton-garden diamond merchant, for breach of promise of marriage, has a husband living was alleged by counsel for Mr. Dresden in the Appeal Court yesterday.

An extended stay of execution was sought. Miss Burton is professionally known on the stage as Dorothy Doolittle. The alleged marriage is said to have taken place in India.

Mr. Rigby Swift, for Mr. Dresden, said that affidavits and a marriage certificate put in on behalf of the plaintiff.

Mr. Dresden had not been answered by the plaintiff.

Mr. Vachell, K.C., for Miss Burton, said that the name of the lady in the certificate was not exactly the same name as the plaintiff's.

Having seen that affidavits and having been warned of the consequences which might follow if there were any mistake in the matter, the plaintiff said most emphatically that she was not the lady mentioned in the certificate, but she had not said that in an affidavit.

The Court made an order that all further execution should be stayed pending appeal.

PENNY CINEMA SEAT TAX.

Penny tickets for cinemas are to be taxed, an amendment exempting them from the amusement levy being negatived last night in the House of Commons.

Mr. Barnes said a halfpenny tax on a penny ticket was an injustice.

Mr. H. Crank thought nothing did so much harm to children as regular attendance at these shows. He opposed the amendment.

The Solicitor-General (Mr. Cave) said the object was that everyone who went to amusements should pay the amusement tax.

The amendment was then negatived.

MYSTERY OF VILLA'S FATE.

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—The American troops are still in Mexico actively pursuing Villa.

Reports of Villa's death are in circulation, but they are not credited.

General Obregon, the Mexican Minister of War, has sent a dispatch stating that Villa's main band has been defeated and destroyed at the battle of Piedra by Carranzas in a three hours' fight.

Villa, with eight men, is fleeing over the Sierras with his pursuers close up.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—The Mexican Embassy is informed that Villa died from blood-poisoning as a result of wounds.

The body was recovered by Carranza's soldiers en route to El Paso.—Exchange.

DARE-ALL AIRMEN.

Young Men Who Make the Most Dashing Flying Pilots.

JEW AS AIR OFFICERS.

"The youngest flying men in the British air services to-day are the most dashing and daring in the world."

So said Mr. J. L. Hall, the chief of a well known aviation school, yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*.

He was discussing the brilliant British air raid on Constantinople, in which three at least of the four officers who took part were less than twenty-four years of age.

"Young airmen," he said, "have greater confidence in themselves than their older colleagues—probably because they do not appreciate the risks involved or recognise their own limitations as much as do older men."

"These factors, their gumption and cheek, make them best fitted to carry out the most hazardous raids requiring exceptional daring."

That Flight Sub-Lieutenant L. H. W. Barnato should be one of the officers who took part in the raid on Constantinople indicates that just as British Jews are offering their lives wholeheartedly in the air service, they are also winning their distinction in the air service.

Jewish young men are joining both naval and military flying services in ever increasing numbers as pilots, observers and mechanics, said the Rev. Micah Adler, chaplain to the Jewish forces in the British Army, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Flight Lieutenant Barnato, or "Jacky" Barnato as he is known to his friends, is the son of the late Mr. Barney Barnato.

His second cousin, W. I. Barnato Joel, a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Joel, is also a flying officer, and is at the present time serving with the Royal Flying Corps in France.

Other Jewish flying men include Flight Lieutenant Desmond Tuck, son of Sir Adolph Tuck, who is in Egypt; Flight Lieutenant E. Victor Sassoon, R.N.; Flight Lieutenant Cyril Davis, of whom nothing has been heard since October 12 last year, when he was at Lemnos, and Flight Lieutenant Bernard Isaac.

A Jewish pilot, Sergeant-Major Joseph Kempler, has just been awarded the French Military Medal.

EX-GERMAN SHIP SUNK.

Interned Hun Vessel Sold to British Firm Torpedoed by Pirates.

The British ship Cardonia has been sunk by a German submarine. Her crew, numbering twenty-five, including the captain, being picked up from their boats by a steamer and landed. The vessel was unarmed, and very little time was afforded her crew to escape.

The vessel was of 2,355 tons, and was originally a German ship, but was interned and sold to a Cardiff firm.

Her crew included nine Britishers, the rest being Swedes, Norwegians and Russians.

Misses Monday.—Thirty-five men from the steamer Vega, sunk in the Mediterranean by a submarine, have arrived here.

They state that some of the pirates went on board to place bombs, but, perceiving smoke on the horizon and fearing that a French torpedo-boat was in the neighbourhood, they returned hastily to the submarine.—Central News.

Lloyd's reports the following vessels sunk:—The British steamer Harroven, unarmed. The captain and seventeen of the crew have been landed. The remainder are still missing.

The Harroven was a vessel of 3,307 tons gross and was owned by Messrs. J. Mathias and Sons, Navigation Company, Limited.

The Norwegian ship Glendown sunk by gunfire.

The crew of the Norwegian steamer Panella, 1,591 tons, have been landed, their vessel having been sunk.

GENERAL PEYTON VISITS THE KING.

The King received at Buckingham Palace yesterday Gen. Peyton, who is home on leave from Western Egypt. It was part of General Peyton's force that effected the dramatic and motor-car rescue of sailors who had been captured and taken into the interior by native tribes.

5s. TAX ON MECHANICAL LIGHTERS.

One of the resolutions formally reported in Ways and Means at the House of Commons yesterday imposed a duty of 5s. on tinder boxes and mechanical lighters.

This is the tax foreshadowed last week by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MINERS WANT TWO DAYS.

A request from the Admiralty was made to the South Wales Miners' Federation conference yesterday that the Easter holiday should be confined to one day.

The conference decided that a two days' holiday should be asked for.

BRITISH OFFICERS ESCAPE.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A telegram from Diez to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announces that two British officers have escaped from the prisoners camp at Diez.

BOOTS IN RAINBOW COLOURS.

What an Inspection of Regent-street Revealed.

FASCINATING TASSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

There is at least one heroine of British fiction who will always be more famous for her boots than for her hair, or her eyebrows, or a matchless complexion.

She of course, is the famous Miss Arabella Allen, who first captured the susceptible heart of Mr. Winkle in the pages of the "Pickwick Papers." His affections were afterwards always languished upon the "young lady with the fur boots."

Now to-day beauty in boots is quite a cult of the moment.

In Regent-street yesterday a representative of *The Daily Mirror* who followed in the footsteps of Mr. Winkle met one young lady in blue boots, about two dozen in tan and yellow boots, some white or severe white and check boots, one in claret-coloured boots, and one in mauve.

Some of the boots seemed almost Hessian in design and boasted tassels. Some appeared to reach almost up to the knee, and were fastened with fancy buttons or coloured laces.

The shorter skirt and higher boot seems indeed to be the principle upon which the mys-



Boots of black and gold brocade.

terior forces which shape and govern the designs of feminine fashions are acting.

And it is a noteworthy fact, discovered to *The Daily Mirror's* disciple of Mr. Winkle yesterday, in up-comenado down Piccadilly and throughout its immediate neighbourhood, that a passion for very short wide skirts and very high and brightly coloured boots is by no means confined to the young and frivolous.

Women who a generation ago would have been described as matronly were to be seen between the April showers in boots that would once have only been considered proper for a debutante dance on the variety stage, in skirts that used to be considered the exclusive property of pastoral milkmaids.

SHORT DRESS AGE.

In fact it seems quite possible that we shall soon reach an epoch in our social history where families will discuss whether or not their girls are yet old enough to be put into really short dresses!

It was during his researches in Bootland that *The Daily Mirror* representative ran straight into a fashion expert to whom he remarked on his discoveries.

"Look at these women," cried the expert. "Look at their skirts. I tell you their skirts will come down with a rush!"

"I mean," said the expert, "that one morning the dressmakers will wake up with a lot of material on their hands, and will immediately lengthen all the dresses. Then the short skirt will go on the scrap-heap."

PRINCE ALBERT'S HEALTH.

With reference to a report that the health of Prince Albert was causing the King and Queen great anxiety, it is stated on impeccable authority that he is in the enjoyment just now of the best of health.

He has temporarily withdrawn from the Navy in consequence of symptoms which followed his operation for appendicitis. It was decided that careful observation was desirable, and it is in this sense alone that Prince Albert has been the subject of the attentions of physicians.

He has not yet returned to his naval duties, because the period of absence prescribed as a precautionary measure has not fully expired.

PRUSSIA'S PRIZE OPTIMIST.

Under the heading "A Peculiar Legacy," the *Koelnische Volkszeitung* points out that the Prussian Budget for 1916, says *Reuter's* Amsterdam correspondent, contains a strange item.

An official, named Esmen, has bequeathed £500 to the State, with instructions to let it accumulate at interest until it has attained the amount of the State debt.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND'S STIRRING ANSWER TO THE KING'S MESSAGE

Germans Attack with Big Forces at Verdun.

2½-MILE ONSLAUGHT.

Enemy Gains Footing in Small Salient at Very Heavy Cost.

BIG FRENCH AIR RAIDS.

Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons yesterday read the telegram sent by General Townshend to the King on February 17. On behalf of his troops and himself, General Townshend said that the experience they had had and the knowledge they had gained of the sympathy of their beloved Sovereign would be "our sheet anchor in this defence." This is the 132nd day of the siege of Kut.

BIG ONSLAUGHT AT VERDUN.

The Germans renewed the battle for Verdun yesterday by launching a big attack, at least two divisions strong, along a front of two and a half miles on the right bank of the Meuse. The waves of assault broke down before the French curtain fire, except at one point, where the enemy gained a footing in a small salient. For this slight success he had to pay very dearly.

Extensive and successful air raids have been carried out by our Ally's airmen on several German railway stations.

TOO CLEVER FOR PIRATES.

A German submarine for two hours and twenty minutes vainly tried to catch the British merchantman Duendes. Owing to the pluck and skill of the master the pirate was foiled.

BRITISH MASTER WHO WAS TOO WARY FOR PIRATE.

Submarine Vainly Tries to Keep Ship in the Failing Light.

By pluck, judgment and skill, Captain Alban Chittenden, of the steamer Duendes, succeeded in saving his ship from destruction, although attacked by gun fire from a German submarine which gave no warning. The Duendes was hit by shell nine times.

In his report this splendid master of a British merchantman says that on Saturday, March 25, at 5 p.m., he observed a Scandinavian barque lying hove to distant about five miles.

The chief officer, John Blacklock, and the captain consulted together, and, thinking it strange and fearing that a submarine might be lying on the other side of her, they kept two points away from the barque.

"At 5.40 p.m.," says the captain, "we heard a shot, which dropped about four ships' length astern of us. We then sighted a submarine which opened fire on the starboard quarter at a distance of about three miles.

"We immediately altered the helm so as to bring the submarine right aft and sent to the engine-room to put all hands on to the fires and open the ship out to the utmost.

"At the same time I instructed the Marconi operator to send out the SOS signal, and giving the position of the ship, etc., which he did, and same was immediately picked up by a shore station; after which the Marconi operator sent out all positions.

"The submarine continued firing from the port and starboard quarters until 6.30 p.m., working us round to the north-east and north in order to keep us in the remaining light in the sky.

After a pause, the captain says, the submarine opened fire with shrapnel.

"We kept altering the course," he adds, "to keep the ship out of the light and to bring the sea ahead, which made it very difficult for him to aim accurately.

BOMBS IN WAR OFFICE.

ATHENS, Monday.—A report from Salonika states that a British aviator the day before yesterday bombed the military establishments of Adrianople, causing serious damage.

Another British aviator last week efficaciously bombed military establishments at Constantinople.

It is confirmed that two bombs burst in the War Ministry and another in the powder factory of Makreney, which blew up. There were numerous victims.—Exchange.

(This message obviously refers to the air raid by four naval aeroplanes announced yesterday.)

"OUR SHEET ANCHOR IN THIS DEFENCE."

The Prime Minister in the House of Commons yesterday read, amid cheers, the following telegram from Sir Percy Lake, dated February 17 last:—

General Townshend has asked me to kindly communicate the following message to the King Emperor:—



General Townshend.

"It is hard for me to express by words how profoundly touched and inspired all ranks under my command have been by his Majesty's personal message.

"On their behalf and my own I desire to express to his Majesty that the experience we have had and the knowledge we have gained of the sympathy of our beloved Sovereign will be our sheet anchor in this defence."

Mr. Chamberlain, replying to Mr. Annan Bryce, said that the proposed advance on Bagdad, after the battle of Kut-el-Amara, was made neither by the Government of India nor his Majesty's Government, but by the General Commanding.

General Townshend was under the command of General Nixon, and did not communicate with either Government.

FOE'S TERRIFIC NEW ATTACK FOR VERDUN.

Waves of Assault Hurlled Back Except at One Point, Where Germans Make a Slight Gain.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—The following communiqué was issued this evening:—

Between the Aves and the Oise our batteries wrecked the enemy trenches and shelters in the regions of Beuvraignes and Issignay.

In the Argonne there was destruction fire against the German works to the north of Harazee.

At Vauquois one of our mines blew up a small enemy post with its occupant.

On the left bank of the Meuse there was great enemy activity against Hill 304 and our second lines.

On the right bank, after a bombardment of growing violence begun in the morning and directed against our positions from the Meuse to Donaumont, the Germans shortly before 2 p.m. launched a heavy attack with at least two divisions.

The waves of assault, spread over two and a half miles, were met by our curtain and machine gun fire, and were driven back, except at one point, where the enemy gained a footing in a small salient of our line to the south of the Bois du Chaufour.

In this attack the enemy sustained very heavy losses, especially to the west of the Poirre Hill, and in the ravine between the Poivre Hill and the Haudromont Wood.

In the Woivre there were some rafales of artillery fire in the sectors at the foot of the heights of the Meuse.

During the night of the 16th our bombing aircraft dropped twenty-two bombs on the stations at Nantillois and Brielluis, fifteen bombs on Etain and on the bivouacs in the Forest of Spincourt, and eight bombs on the cantonments of Vieville and Thilloit, north-west of Vigneulles.—Reuter.

AIRMAN SHELLS FOE SHIP

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—The following communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

On the left bank of the Meuse there has been an intense bombardment of our positions in the Avocourt Wood and on our front Mort Homme-Camieres.

On the right bank the night has been comparatively calm, except in the region south of the Haudromont Wood, where the activity of the artillery has been maintained in fairly lively manner.

There has been no infantry action. There

is nothing to report on the rest of the front except the usual cannonade.

Aviation.—On the night of the 16th one of our squadrons, consisting of nine aeroplanes, carried out, in spite of an intense mist, an important operation, bombarding the region Conflans-Pagny-Arnayville-Romach.

The following bombs were thrown:—

Twelve on the railway station of Conflans,

Sixteen on the Rombach factories,

Eight on Arnayville railway station,

Eleven on the railways of Pagny and Ars sur-Meurthe.

On the night of the 15th one of our gun aeroplanes attacked in the North Sea at a height of 300ft. an enemy ship, upon which it fired sixteen shells, the majority of which hit.—Reuter.

"BERTHOLD'S 5TH VICTIM."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

Western Theatre of War.—On the western front there are no incidents of special importance to report.

In the region of Pervyse (Flanders) an enemy aeroplane was brought down by our anti-aircraft guns close behind the Belgian lines, and was destroyed by our artillery fire.

First Lieutenant Berthold brought down to the north-west of Peronne his fifth enemy aeroplane—an English biplane. The pilot of the machine was dead and the observer seriously injured.

Eastern Theatre of War.—The Russians showed great activity at the bridgehead of Dvinsk.—Wireless Press.

BRITISH LINES SHELLED.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday, 10 p.m.—Heavy shelling to-day about Voormezele and Dichebusch and of the area between St. Eloi and Ypres-Comines Canal.

Some artillery action on both sides to-day about Hebuterne, between Carnoy and the River Somme, also about Souchez and Noeux-les-Mines.

There has been mining activity to-day in the Hohenzollern sector, the Double Crassier and west of Vimy.

Yesterday there was considerable aerial activity. One of our machines is missing.—Central News.



French conscripts leaving to join the army. They were accompanied by their sweethearts, who are in the Red Cross service.—(French War Office photograph.)

NO RESIGNATIONS FROM CABINET.

Premier Announces Government's Recruiting Plan To-day.

VISIT TO THE KING.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

The Cabinet arrived at their fateful decision on the momentous recruiting problems last night, and later Mr. Asquith had an audience of the King at Buckingham Palace.

It is understood that the Prime Minister succeeded in bringing the Cabinet into line with him on the steps that should be taken to find the requisite supply of men, and that for the present at least there will be no resignation.

One of the main features of the scheme which Mr. Asquith is expected to outline in the House this afternoon is the calling up of all youths on attaining the age of eighteen.

This will, of course, necessitate the amendment of the Military Service Act, and fresh legislation may be expected immediately after the Easter recess.

The Cabinet are not prepared to apply compulsion to unmarried married men—yet.

Mr. Lloyd George was last night reported to have pressed for general compulsion, but to have yielded at the eleventh hour to the compromise favoured by the Prime Minister and the overwhelming majority of his Cabinet colleagues.

The Prime Minister's statement will be made immediately after questions this afternoon, and is expected to occupy half an hour in delivery.

The liberty afterwards there will be meetings of the Liberals and Unionist "Ginger" groups to consider what action shall be taken.

It was generally anticipated last night that Sir Edward Carson will proceed with his resolution for "equal service for all" to-morrow.

The Coalitionists Whips have been making the most strenuous efforts to whip up every man for the expected decision.

These promises to be a particularly big muster of the Irish and Labour Parties, who are expected to vote almost solidly for the Government.

E. A. J.

WAR COUNCIL MEETS.

The Cabinet meeting was exceptionally brief. It was well on towards 5.30 before all the Ministers had arrived, and by 6.10 most of them were dispersing.

Immediately after the Cabinet Council there was a meeting of the War Committee. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Mr. McKenna and Earl Kitchener attended the War Council, and they were joined by General Sir William Robertson and other military officers.

In the afternoon Mr. Bonar Law had presided over a large meeting of Unionist members in his own room at the House of Commons.

The South Wales Miners' Conference yesterday rejected the recommendation of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain in regard to conscription as being too mild, and passed a resolution demanding the repeal of the present Act, and that should the Act be extended as suggested a coalfield conference be immediately called to consider the situation.

RUSSIANS WITHIN EIGHT MILES OF TREBIZOND.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Monday.—The communiqué issued to-day says:—

On the River Dvina front the German artillery development is being arrested. The Ikskull bridgehead and the Dvinsk positions south of Garbunovka.

There was an artillery duel in places south of the Dvinsk region.

The enemy is using aeroplanes bearing our distinctive circles on the wings.

In Galicia, in the Upper and Middle Strypa region, we repulsed several hostile attempts to approach our trenches.

On the Caucasian front, in the coast region, our troops after occupying Surmene and pursuing the retreating enemy, reached the village of Aseueckellessi, some eight miles east of Trebizond.

Fighting continues to our advantage in the Upper Chorok Basin.—Reuter.

MR. WILSON'S LAST WORD

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—President Wilson finished to-day what is believed to be his final word on the German submarine controversy.

The Note is expected to be forwarded to-morrow to Mr. Gerard at Berlin. It is understood here that Germany does not believe that Mr. Wilson will break with her without affording her an opportunity to argue the grounds for such action.

Count Bernstorff is not to leave the United States without a direct request from the Government.—Exchange.

Contented Babies

A contented baby is a healthy baby, and need cause the mother no anxiety. On the other hand, if baby is fretful and peevish, and sleeps but little, something is wrong—probably the food, which is causing indigestion.

The contented, happy nature of babies brought up on Savory & Moore's Food is always a subject of remark. This is because it is so easily digested, so nourishing and satisfying, just the food, in fact, that baby needs. The value of Savory & Moore's Food is shown in a very striking manner by the wonderful way in which ill-nourished, discontented babies improve directly it is given. Constipation and other troublesome complaints disappear, baby sleeps well, gains in weight, and in a short time looks so much better that, as the parents often say, they can hardly believe it is the same child. For example, Mrs. Cross, of 12, Dunster Gardens, Kilburn, N.W., writes:—

"The food we used for our little girl never seemed to satisfy her, and she suffered frightfully from constipation, but since we have used your food she is perfectly contented, sleeps well, and has put on flesh to a remarkable degree, and the constipation has entirely disappeared. I shall certainly recommend it to my friends."

Messrs. Savory & Moore are so convinced that a trial of their Food will prove satisfactory that they are making a special offer of a **FREE TRIAL TIN**, which will be sent on receipt of the coupon below with 2d. in stamps for postage. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains sufficient food for a thorough trial. Send at once.

FREE COUPON

To Savory & Moore Ltd, Chemists to The King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name _____

Address _____

D. Mr. 18476.

If You Believe

that the Government need to be "gingered" up to a more vigorous prosecution of the War in all its phases you can help by lending the Independent Candidate for the Wimbledon Division a motor-car to-morrow, April 19th.

Please send the car to Kennedy Jones' Central Committee Rooms (Telephone Wimbledon 552), 2, Hill Road, Wimbledon (opposite L. & S. W. Railway Station.)

Colours: Red, White and Blue.



BLINDED FOR OUR SAKES.

Buy a Lucky "Touchwood" Mascot and help our Soldiers and Sailors who have lost their sight during the war.

HOW EVERYBODY CAN HELP.

We have made arrangements with a well-known firm to supply us with a quantity of the famous Lucky Mascots exactly as supplied to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, which will be sold for the benefit of our Blind Soldiers and Sailors at the following prices:

Sterling Silver	2s. each.
Set Gold	7s. 6d. "
Set Gold, with real Gem-set eyes	£1 1s. "
18ct. "	£2 10s. "

Each one is sent out in a coloured Easter Egg and post free. Address orders and remittance to "Mascot" Secretary, St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blind Soldiers and Sailors, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

THE COIN THAT KEEPS DEPRECIATING.



Fifty thousand twenty-mark pieces in the Reichsbank at Berlin. In the circle are men in the sorting and resting department.

MISSING.



Corporal J. Gregory, missing since October. Write to Borrett's Cottages, Ripple-road, Dagenham.



Private M. P. Smith, missing since October. on Hill 70. Write 38, Delaney-street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

A BUTTERFLY CAPE.



It is trimmed and fastened with black moire ribbon. Edge of collar has pleated fluting of taffeta.

HEROES.



Captain A. W. White, reported killed. He won the Military Cross and was mentioned in dispatches.



Private J. H. Hawkins, of Eaton Socon, Bedfordshire, awarded the D.C.M. He is only just nineteen.

"SPECIALS" AT RUHLEBEN CAMP.



Group of prisoners. The striped band on the cuff denotes that the men are detailed for police duty in the camp.

DERRY & TOMS
KENSINGTON-LONDON-W

To-day and during the week we are making a speciality of Grafton Voiles

For the coming Season this renowned fabric will be in great demand, as the range of designs, if not quite so numerous as in previous seasons, is certainly more exquisite in colouring—and that despite the scarcity of reliable dyes. We feel confident that the new selection of patterns and designs will appeal to the taste of our clientele, and have no hesitation in submitting them for approval.

One is advised to pay an early visit owing to the difficulty of maintaining the supply.

27" 1 1/2 yd. 40" 1 6/8 yd.

HENLEY ZEPHYRS.—A Special Feature.—In 50 different patterns. Sunproof and fadeless in washing. 31 in. wide. Per yard **1/0 3/4**

POPLINS—In Cotton, with an extra silky finish, in a variety of both plain and colours. 39 to 40 in. wide. Per yard **1/9 1/2**

Patterns willingly sent on application, but we would emphasise the advantages of personal inspection and early morning shopping.

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SPECIAL
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BLOUSES
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EASTER.



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Exceptional
Offer of

WHITE VOILE BLOUSES.

cut very full. Collar and Cuffs very smartly trimmed with strapings (as sketch), in Saxe, Navy, Pink, Helio and Black.

Sizes 13 1/2, 14 and 14 1/2.

In Outside the same

price.

(Postage 3d. extra.)

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1916.

'DON'T OFFEND ANYBODY.'

IT is certain that when a baby first opens its eyes and grasps at the moon it offends somebody by this infantile action. Somebody who doesn't like babies remarks: "What an objectionable child!—so grasping! That child will come to a bad end." And you see that already the baby has an enemy. It has offended someone.

As it grows up, it offends a larger and larger number of people every year.

So soon as ever it manifests a preference it meets a contradiction. So soon as ever it shows a dislike it disgusts those whose tastes and distastes are not the same. If it is sensitive it worries about this. If it is sensible it says to itself: "My friends like me. My enemies hate me. That is inevitable. I am glad." And it goes about its business.

In business, literally, now grown up, what enemies *he*—for we will now make "it" a man—what enemies he creates! Everything he does creates in other people an approval or disapproval. Continued disapproval becomes set hostility. That means enemies. No man is without them. And if a man is successful he probably and generally—though indeed not always—makes more enemies than another, because his movements have been more frequent right and left, and the consequent disapprovals are more numerous.

So you can't avoid it—or them. Enemies you must have. You must offend someone. The man liked by everybody must be surely nobody—a nonentity. . . . But even he would be disliked by those who don't like nobodies.

We are reminded of these perhaps too obvious, yet not often observed, common-places by the attitude of those who tell us, in peace and in war, but especially now in war, that we must *never* offend anybody.

Poor Mr. Kennedy Jones at Wimbledon! Offending people all day—some people.

He will tell us he wants an efficient air service.

Horrid! Naughty man. Nagging. Offending the nice, well-meaning dummy gun air people. Aren't they doing their best? And their best is, on occasion, dummy guns? Well then that's the best we can do. Don't be rude. Hush, hush! Don't offend people.

Now the war is getting on *very* well. Not to admit it is to offend those who are running the war. Don't offend them. Don't offend anybody. Don't say anything. Keep quiet. Hush! We said that before. Now we are going to say it again—Hush!

It is the watchword of the war.

Cannot Mr. Kennedy Jones see it? He wants an efficient blockade. Very well. But if that offends someone? Don't you see? It might offend someone. Certainly it would offend someone—the Germans. We may want the Germans some day. We may want to forgive them and to love them. So don't offend them. Help them slowly to see the error of their ways by August, 1925. It will take time. Hurry offends. Don't hurry. Mr. Jones is a great hustler.

Oh dear, dear! Will nobody tell Wimbledon to send someone to Parliament who won't say or do anything at all? Only by doing that can Wimbledon be sure to offend nobody.

W. M.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

If music and sweet poetry agree, As they must needs, the sister and the brother, Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me, Because thou lovest the one, and I the other, Downland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch Upon the lute doth ravish human sense, Soother to me, whose deep conceit is such As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music makes; And I in deep delight am chiefly drownd'd Whens himself to singing he betakes. One god is god of both, as poets feign; One knight loves both, and both in thee remain. —SHAKESPEARE.

THE ISSUE AS I SEE IT AT WIMBLEDON.

MY REPLY TO MR. CHAPLIN'S UNJUST CHARGE.

By KENNEDY JONES.

THERE is but one cry of the Coalition candidate and his supporters in this election, and it is that I am breaching the party truce, that I am an apostle of disunion.

It is a definite charge, and if it meant anything it would at this time of crisis in our history be a grave charge.

But what does it mean? What is the party truce? Is it anything more than a parliamentary compromise—that word fatal to all efficient action—and, even in Parliament, are we not at this moment witnessing a condition of things which is a breach of all the understandings between the politicians? When I am told



Mr. Kennedy Jones.

Why are we threatened at this moment of national peril—the most stupendous in our history—with a party crisis, and possibly a Cabinet cleavage?

Is it not because the Coalition Government has failed to mobilise the man-power of the nation for war?

If we want another test there is a speech Mr. Bonar Law made on the same occasion last May at the Carlton Club. He said:—

"If there is to be any question of one party will not stand this and the other party will not stand that; if there is to be any question except what is best to end the war, then the Coalition, will be a dismal failure, and it will ruin not only those who are members of it, but will be ruinous to our country as well."

COALITION AND COMPROMISE.

Is there a man to-day in politics or out who does not recognise that the recruiting muddle is the result of the attempt of the Coalition to endeavour to strike a balance between the party that will not stand this and the other which will not stand that?

I declare that the party truce has been a failure and the Coalition has been a disappointment.

The need of the nation is that the right and the strong thing should be done for the Army and Navy, for the Air Service, for Trade, for Merchant Shipping, for Finance. We want to

A FEW EASTER-EGG FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.



They will have new hats at this season. It's their way of revealing the Spring impulse. Our cartoonist holds that, war or no war, they must therefore be obliged with the latest models. No charge for milliners.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

by the late member for Wimbledon, whose long party services have been rewarded with a peerage, that "to encourage disunion just now is a breach of truce and little short of a crime," I am entitled to examine into the terms on which that truce was made, and to ask whether those terms have been fulfilled.

When Mr. Chaplin spoke at the Unionist Party meeting, which confirmed the decision of the party leaders last May, he justified the joining of forces in these words:— "Mobilise the nation for the nation's safety. If that be the war cry of the new Coalition Government you may be absolutely certain that the nation will most gladly follow you."

have done with makeshifts and half-measures. We want to be done with "Wait and See." The Kaiser won't wait.

We need action—action—and again action; and if the electors of Wimbledon only have the courage to grasp to-morrow's opportunity in a spirit of disinterested and determined patriotism my return is certain.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Every day is a little life, and one whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.—Hall.

MAGIC AND WAR.

IS THERE HARM IN THE PRESENT CRAZE FOR "SPIRITUALISM"?

ONLY AN AMUSEMENT.

I THINK Mr. Scott-James is a little hard on the spiritualists. Of course, there are frauds in this as in every other sphere, but there are sincere workers also, and there are people who do good even in war time.

All the people who try to see into the future that is at present so dark and perplexed do not take the spiritualists seriously. They go for a distraction from anxiety. It is an amusement, not much more harmful than cinemas. A. M.

NO matter how often people are disappointed about palmists and crystal gazers, they still believe in them.

It is a thing that seems to belong to human nature—the need to know what cannot be known.

But has anybody ever reflected that it would be a terrible thing to know the future and that our best chance of sanity and hope lies in not knowing it? SCEPTICAL.

"PORTERS OF THE SEA."

ONE cannot feel too grateful to Mr. Herbert Vivian for his article

drawing attention to the great injustice which is being done to our officers of the merchant service—a service which, in its country's hour of need has responded to the call with a heroism which deserves, as Dr. Macnamara said at the Pavilion Cinema a week or so ago, to be added for ever to the history of this war.

Scandinavian captains have been known to refuse to go to sea at this time, despite the offers of higher pay, and yet our men, because of their loyalty and patriotism, go out into constant danger unnamed and unprotected, for a small sum.

It may not be generally known that on the sinking of a ship the pay immediately stops, and cases have been known where the officers have had to have railway tickets given them by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, whilst the owners of the ship, after gaining compensation by insurance, have left the station by the same train in first-class carriages, and this after enlisting these officers for the magnificent way they managed without loss of life.

Deep down in the heart of every Britisher is a sense of justice, and one that is aroused he begins to act, and we can hope now that this matter has been brought to light, justice will be done to our brave officers of the merchant service by the owners of the ships, ever remembering that in the getting of these enormous profits lives have been constantly sacrificed.

B. M. WILSON.
St. John's Wood, N.W.

FATALISM.

IT matters little whether we are single or married, whether we smoke or drink or do neither; we shall none of us die before our time.

Therefore one need neither court death nor fear it, for it will come to each at the appointed time and in the manner ordained. KISMET.

Herford-street, W.

WAR WEEK-ENDS.

"H. B." is quite right as to the wickedness of "week-ends." People who have to sit in a stuffy office all the week without a breath of fresh air should not go into the country for fresh air on Sundays, but should sit in a stuffy or draughty church.

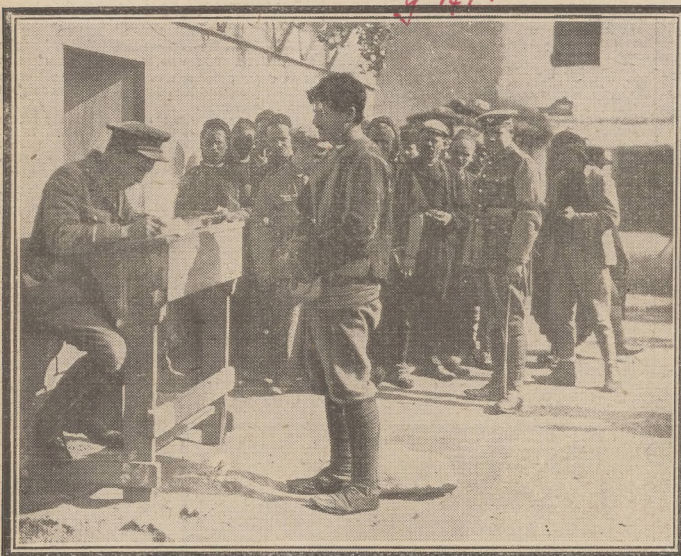
ONE OF THEM.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 17.—Many beautiful rock-plants are now blooming. Several of these low-growing subjects look very pretty when set for setting round beds devoted to early bulbs.

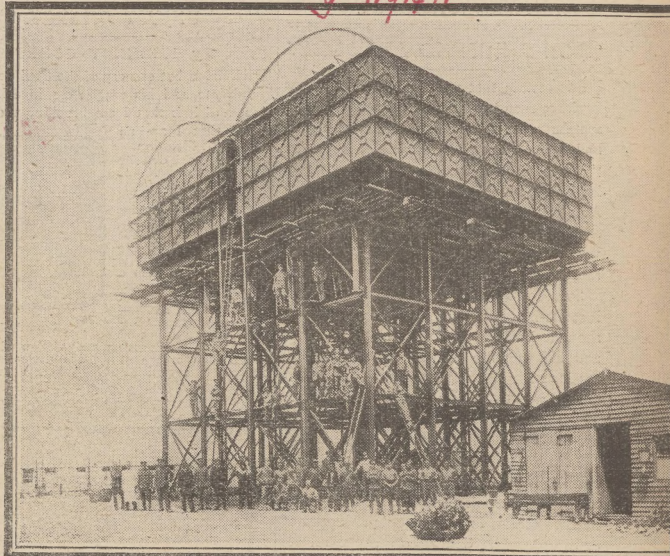
The single and double rock-cress (arabis) are always welcome; the latter is especially attractive and lasts long in flower. The anubrietas are, of course, invaluable, while forget-me-nots, early saxifragas, double daisies, the brilliant yellow alyssum and mountain phloxes all bloom this month. E. F. T.

WAITING TO OBTAIN PERMITS.



In the small villages in the sector of the Salonika armies a bureau issues permits for the inhabitants to follow the roads used by the troops. These permits are furnished to Greeks, Turks and Jews under certain restrictions.—(Crown copyright reserved.)

THE BRITISH ARMY'S THIRST.



Tank which holds 100,000 gallons. A number of them have been made by a Birmingham firm for supplying the British Army with drinking water, and they have been erected in camps in England, France and Belgium.

FIRST AID IN THE NAVY.



First aid party aboard a British light cruiser. The men are seen using the Neil Robertson stretcher for passing down a patient from the superstructure.

PILOT UNHURT BENEATH A WRECKED AEROPLANE.



An airman in a south-western county has just had a narrow escape, his machine colliding with a tree as he was beginning a flight. The aeroplane turned a complete somersault, and the pilot, who was buried beneath the wreckage, was lifted out unhurt.

APPOINTMENT.



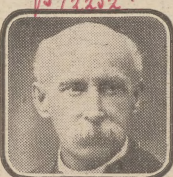
C. W. Hillyard, the famous lawn tennis player, appointed acting flag-lieutenant-commander.

U BOAT FAILS.



Lady Chelmsford, the new Vicereine of India. A U boat attacked the liner on which she sailed.

BISHOP DEAD.



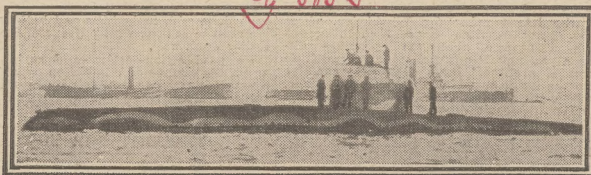
Dr. W. G. Peel, the Bishop of Mombasa, whose death recalls the great Kikuyu controversy.—(Russell.)

LORD FRENCH'S SISTER.



She has just been decorated at Salonika by General Sarraill, the Commander-in-Chief of the Balkan forces, for her valuable services as president of the local Red Cross.

WAVES PAINTED ON PIRATE CRAFT.



A U boat returning from an expedition in the North Sea. Note how the hull is painted to mislead other ships.

"PICK-A-DILLY."

P18891



Miss Dorothy Hanson, who will appear in the new revue, "Pick-a-Dilly," to be produced at the Pavilion to-night.—(Walshams.)

RESCUED BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

P18892



Group of men from H.M. armoured boarding steamer "Tara," who, after surviving the loss of the ship, were captured by the Senussi. The photograph was taken after their rescue by the armoured motor-car section which carried out such a brilliant dash under the Duke of Westminster. Captain Rupert Gwatkin Williams, R.N., the commander, is marked (A), and Dr. Arthur, the ship's surgeon (B).

A WASHER-UP.

P1882



The Hon. Victoria Erskine, Lord Erskine's daughter, now a washer-up at a hospital.—(Elliott and Fry.)

JEHU BECOMES A WOMAN IN WAR TIME.

P9885



"Straight across Waterloo Bridge and then turn to the right." A woman driver of a commercial traveller's bus directs a colleague. The woman coachman is becoming quite a familiar sight.

FATHER INVENTED THE ZEPPEPHONE.

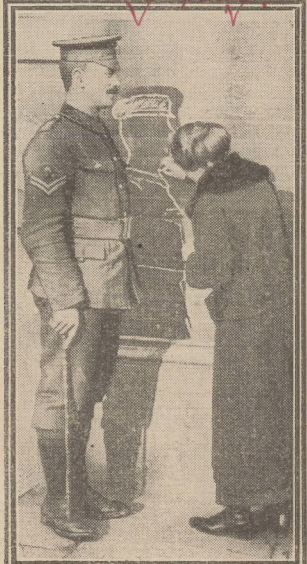
P937



The little children of a Fulham engineer listening for approaching gasbags with the Zeppephone, an invention of their father's. The trumpets, placed at different angles, catch the sound of the engines.

HOME-MADE PORTRAIT.

P4608



A soldier's artist wife sketches her husband's stalwart form on the scullery wall before he leaves.

WOUNDED MAN'S GOOD JUMP.

P1919



A convalescent soldier takes a brook in fine style at the opening meet of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds which was held at Ashurst Station.

Economy in School Outfits

IF you wish to save money this year without any sacrifice whatever in quality, you cannot do better than buy school outfits at Hope Brothers, where you will find unrivalled value and variety in everything a boy needs. Hope Brothers have a reputation, too, for style and durability, and their 40 years' experience is a guarantee of your own satisfaction and your boy's comfort.

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J.B.
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Model
702

12/11

Cure Piles Permanently.
An entirely new scientific preparation; cures Piles and all forms of Constipation permanently. Never kind or gripes; always effective; handy to take.

Chocoloids For Constipation

Send a P.O. for 2/6 now and receive a full treatment.

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(Dept. 28) Birmingham.

FREE SAMPLE.
Sufficient to prove, sent on receipt of postcard.

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25,000 ALWAYS IN STOCK.
11 in. up to 5 ft. Rubber or Iron Tyres, for smallest Tires up to 5-ton Wagons. Specialists in Scooters, Pencil Motors, Cast & Wood Toy Wheels (Diagrams to make Pedal Motor 6d. postpaid).
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This magnificent 18ct gold, Government Hall-Marked Ring, 5thn Diamonds, claw setting **£2 15s.**

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PERSONAL.
LATE Rodon, G. Park, will you meet?—Tram. B. B.—Very sad. What can I do? Love—O. D. BEST Love—Want know more. Give address.—Robin's Wife.
STAR—Don't worry, thinking wrong, proof waiting, mine, Thursday.
CLARA, Manicure—Please make another appointment. Waited one hour, Kilburn—Jack.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.
OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects purchased; best offers; no bargaining; instant settlements—Goldman's Uniforms, Deconport. (Uniform sold).

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.
ADELPHI. (101st perf.) New Musical Play, **TINA**. To-night, at 8. Mats, Weds. and Sats., at 2. Special Matinee, Easter Monday, at 2.
Tol. 2645 Ger. **DISC—IVRY Evening—EVE.**
ALDWYCH THEATRE. **GRAND OPERA SEASON.** MACIO FLUTE, To-night, at 8. **TALES OF HOPE-MANN**, Weds. at 8. **LA BOHEME**, Thurs. at 8. No performance Good Friday. **TALES OF HOPE-MANN**, Sat. Mats. 2.30. **MADAME BUTTERFLY**, Sat. Eve. at 8. **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI**, Easter Monday, at 2.30. **LA BOHEME**, Easter Monday, at 8. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gerr. 2315.
AMBASSADORS. **"MORE"** by H. Gratton. Even. 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. Sat., Easter Mon., at 2.30.
COURT. **KULTUR AT HOME.** **TO-DAY AND EVERY DAY**, at 2.30. **EVENTINGS.** Every Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 8.20. 50th PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY).
CRITERION. **A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF.** Evenings, 8.30. Mats, Weds. Thurs. Sats., at 2.30. **SPECIAL MATINEE, EASTER MONDAY**, at 2.30. "The funniest farce for years"—"By Telegraph."
DRURY LANE. **Arthur Collins Presents W. D. GRIFFITH'S MIGHTY SPECTACLE "THE BIRTH OF A NATION."** Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. Tel. Gerrard 2888.
DUKE OF YORKS. **MABEL RUSSELL** (Ger. 214) New Comedy, with Music, **"TOTO."** TO-MORROW, at 8 (First Time) and Nightly, at 8.30. Mats, Mon., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.30. **FIRST MAT SAT. NEXT GAILEY.** Evenings, 8.45. Mats, Sats, 2.0.
TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT.
GLOBE—To-night and Every Evening, at 8. THE SHOW SHOP. First Matinee, Saturday, Mat. at 2.30. **GARRICK.** **TIGER'S CLUB.** At 8.30. **BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERIDGE.** Mats, Mon., Wed. Fri., Sat. 2.30; Evgs., Tues., Wed., Thurs. Sat. 8.30. **HIS MAJESTY'S.** Every Evening, at 8. **STAND AND DELIVER** by Joslin Hunley McCarthy. **ARTHUR BOURCHIER** as Claude Duval. Matinee, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15. **SPECIAL MATINEE, EASTER MONDAY**, at 2.15.
NEW. **TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. CAROLINE.** Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Leonard Boyne. **EVENTINGS.** Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sats., 8.30; also **EASTER MONDAY**, at 8.30 (Matinee at 2.30).
MATINEES: Mon., Weds., Thurs., at 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. **PLEASE HELP EMILY.** CHARLES HAWTREY and GLADYS COOPER. Evenings, at 8.40. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.40.
PRINCE OF WALES. Every Evening, at 8.15. **MR. MANTON.** A New Musical Drama. Matinee, Wed. Sat. and Easter Monday, at 2.30.
QUEENS THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.30. **ALFRED BUTT** presents **KITTY MACKAY**, a Scotch Comedy. Mats, Weds. Sats. and Easter Mon., at 2.30.
ROYALTY. **DISC—IVRY** by Louis H. Parker. **DENNIS RADIE.** **GABRIELLE DORZIAT.** Evenings, at 8.15. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30.
MATINEES, TUES., THURS. and SATS., at 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S. **THE BASKER** by Clifford Mills. **TODAY and TO-MORROW.** at 2.30.
GEORGE LAST'S 20 PERFORMANCES. **SAVOY.** At 8.15. **MR. H. B. IRVING.** **THE BARTON MYSTERY.** by Walter Hackett. Every Mat., Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 7.50. Tel. Gerr. 2205. **SCALA—2.30 and 7.30. THE WORLD AT WAR.** Our Enemies in Belgium and East Prussia. Latest from All Fronts. The Russians. All About ZEPPELINS, etc.
Other Amusements on page 11.

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Rosalie.

ROSALIE

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By MARK ALLERTON

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much a man.

ALAN WYNNIE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

LUCIEN BANKS, a waster who has obtained money from Grieve by false pretences.

VICTORY!

"I've pulled it off." The speaker was Frank Bettison, looking radiantly pleased with himself, and bearing no traces of a sleepless night.

"Pulled what off, dear?" asked Dora.

"This little affair between Hugh Grieve and Lucien Banks." He turned with sparkling eyes to Rosalie. "We cheated him—Michel and I. It took us all night, but we've swallowed the morsel at last."

Rosalie half rose—they were still in Papa Pierre's frisky sitting-room—and her hands shook with excitement.

"I don't understand," she said, quickly. "What has happened?"

"Here," and Bettison held up an envelope, "is contained what amounts to the last will and testament of Lucien Banks as a respectable member of society."

"For goodness' sake," cried Madge, sharply. "Don't talk in riddles! What have you done? What has Lucien Banks done?"

"Lucien Banks," began Bettison, "has made the fullest possible explanation of his conduct with regard to this company. He has confessed how he induced your husband to sign a transfer believing it to be a transference of securities. He acknowledges that this was a trick. All this he has signed in a document I have here."

"In addition, there is a document signed by him and by a manager of the Credit Lyonnais which empowers the company to pay all debts, and Banks has gone under and Hugh Grieve can still minister to the good folk of Northbury Park without stain on his character."

And Bettison abandoned himself to violent chuckling. Rosalie leant forward.

"Are you quite, quite sure all this is—"

"In order?" Absolutely. I myself wrote out the document that he has signed."

"How did you get him to do it?"

"By playing cards."

"By playing cards?"

"Yes. I won—he lost. So he signed."

"Don't be so foolish, Frank!" Madge's irritation was increasing. "We can't believe that."

"Nevertheless, it is true," retorted Bettison. "If we put a little pressure on Lucien that evening, it was incidental to the game—whichever, by the way, was écarté. Have you ever played écarté?"

It is a most interesting game. One day I will teach you."

"Be serious. What is to be done next?"

"I'm coming to tell Rosalie you've got to get back to London right away. Take this package with you, and, for your life, don't lose it. I've wired to Wynnie, and Bronson has telephoned to Bannerman. Both of them will meet you on the arrival of your train. Bannerman will tell you what is next to be done."

"And Wynnie?"

"Will help you to do it. I didn't wire your husband, because—because, well, because I didn't know where to wire to." Bettison broke off, confused.

It was Rosalie now who was self-composed, alert, ready for anything. She had had the merest hint the previous evening that Eric Bettison intended to see what he could do with Lucien Banks. She had entertained no hope at all of his success. Her own meeting with Lucien left no room for any more hope.

There were a hundred questions she wanted to ask. She stifled them all. Time enough at a future date to learn how Bettison had accomplished this miracle. Perhaps some instinct told her that it was better for her not to ask questions. All that really mattered was that if Frank Bettison were right her husband was saved. She would be able, after all, to go back to him with his deliverance in her possession.

Quickly she made her preparations for her departure. The train started at noon. To outward appearances Dora and Madge were far more excited than she. But Rosalie had her all-consuming thoughts. She felt that she had not yet completely absorbed the meaning of Bettison's dramatic news. She felt that she had entirely failed to express her gratitude. As they drove to the station she laid her hand on his arm.

"We shall never, never be able to thank you for what you have done—Hugh and I. It is so wonderful that I can't yet believe that it has happened."

And he had laughed contentedly and said:

"You'll believe that quick enough when you get back to Hugh. I don't believe we'll see you back in Paris for some time," he added. "Paris has disappointed you, eh?"

She shook her head. "Not Paris," she said. "I have disappointed myself, that's all. But I've learnt my lesson."

"I wish we could all say that," he replied quickly. "Did I tell you that Michel sent his love and best wishes? Poor Michel is very, very tired this morning. He says he is used to getting to bed early now. What a Paris to come back to!"

"You will tell Michel I am grateful!"

"I wish we could all say that," he replied quickly. "Did I tell you that Michel sent his love and best wishes? Poor Michel is very, very tired this morning. He says he is used to getting to bed early now. What a Paris to come back to!"

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"You will tell Michel I am grateful!"

"I'll tell him. But I rather think the gratitude is on his side. The last twelve hours have reincarnated the desperado in Michel. I think he had forgotten what a terrible character he really is. Now for a corner seat!"

With a bundle of English papers by her side Rosalie was borne out of the station, Bettison waving his hat until her fluttering handkerchief was lost to view. Then he went to Bronson's office, where he spent an hilarious hour narrating his experiences of the night.

To Rosalie the journey seemed interminable. She was on fire now to be back, to deliver her precious package to Hugh, to tell him, "I've done so many, many things all wrong. Will you forgive me because I've done this one right?"

She was leaving Paris with inexpressible relief. One day, she told herself, she would go back to Paris and woo it again, but it would be a different Paris—not the Paris of her big mistake, not the Paris that had come between her and her husband, but one that they would discover together.

Together! A hundred years seemed to have passed since she and Hugh had been together—a hundred bitter, weary years, full of disappointments and foolish misunderstandings.

Then a chill struck her heart as she thought occurred to her that Hugh might not yet have returned to the vicarage. If he had not, the delay in letting him know her good news would be almost insupportable. But if he had returned might he not again be putting a wrong construction on her absence? She resisted that suggestion. Whatever his suspicions might be, he could not entertain them after her explanation of her absence. And then those wretched suspicions would be over and for ever.

In the softness of the late afternoon the train carried her from Dover, Londonwards, and at the terminus she sprang from her compartment, looking eagerly for Alan Wynnie and Mr. Bannerman. They were together and came towards her hurriedly. It was Bannerman who spoke. Wynnie's welcome was in his eyes.

"Here we are, Mrs. Grieve. Had a good crossing? Capital! Now, what's all this long-distance telephoning about? I got peremptory instructions to meet you at this train. I was inclined to think it was a hoax until I met friend Wynnie on the platform, and he told me the same story. What's it all about?"

"I can't tell you now," cried Rosalie. "Wait till we get home."

"Here we are, dear lady. I can't possibly go to Northbury Park this evening. I ought to be meeting a man at the club now."

Then Rosalie, on edge to get back to the vicarage, handed over the envelope containing Bettison's document.

Standing on the platform Bannerman glanced through them, carefully at first, and then with eagerness, uttering explosive ejaculations.

"How on earth did you get this?" he demanded, at length.

"I don't know. Mr. Bettison got it for me. Is it... does it make things... all right?"

"I should rather think it does!" he burst out.

Rosalie drew in a long breath. "Oh, thank God! Thank God!" she breathed.

Despite Bettison's assurances, she had half-f feared that there might be doubt as to the usefulness of the papers, and that that had been why Bettison had arranged that she should meet the solicitor.

"I should very much like to know how your friend got this out of Lucien Banks," went on Bannerman.

"Oh, what does that matter?" cried Rosalie. "Do get me a cab. I must get back to Hugh at once. Do you know... is he at home?"

"Yes, he's at home. I know, because I sent him home yesterday. And I'll share your cab if I may. My friend must wait at the club. There's nothing else for it. I'm not going to miss seeing your husband's face when we give him this news!"

BACK AT THE VICARAGE.

MR. BANNERMAN was in boisterous good humour as they drove to Northbury Park. Coming at a time when he had despaired of saving Hugh Grieve from financial and social ruin, the documents, of which he had now taken charge, filled him with irrepressible glee.

He was consumed with curiosity as to how they had been obtained. Lucien's signed and witnessed declaration had been drawn up by

no lawyer. That he knew. The phraseology was too direct, too all-embracing, too primitive even to have been the inspiration of a legal mind. No lawyer, he told himself, would have dared to use such a document for signature.

He decided that Lucien Banks must have been in extremis, that Bettison, whose business abilities he had hitherto held in small respect, must have obtained the will by hand over the younger man, and have used his power ruthlessly. He was delighted.

A career that promised to be dangerous to the community had taken a salutary check. One day, he promised himself, he would hear the whole story.

Wynnie allowed Bannerman to do most of the talking. He had a few questions to ask about Paris, about Bettison and Dora and Madge. In reply to Rosalie's questions he declared that he was perfectly well again and working hard, that soon he would go away for a holiday—as soon as he had seen this business well settled. He struck Rosalie as preoccupied, and restrained in his manner, but her mind was too centred on her home-coming to pay much attention to him.

It was dark when the cab reached Northbury Park, and, for the second time, the sight of the familiar shops, lit up, gave Rosalie the impression that she had been away for months instead of days. But now the cheerful blaze of light on the highway brought to her a sense of welcome.

She was glad to be back—even back in Northbury Park, which had done its best to stifle the youth in her. She forgot that now, and gave herself up to kindly thoughts of a suburb she had never tried to understand.

As they passed St. Luke's they saw that the hall beside the church was lit up.

"Let's hope Grieve isn't out at a meeting," said Bannerman.

"I've never known Hugh to have a meeting on a Friday night," said Rosalie.

"He's expecting you home, of course?"

"No. We—I didn't know his address," faltered Rosalie.

"Of course not. I had forgotten. I ought to have let him know. How stupid of me to forget."

"And I wanted to give him a surprise," added Rosalie.

"You'll give him the surprise of his life!" laughed Bannerman.

The vicarage was in complete darkness when they arrived. Not even from the hall came a light. It looked like a house that was empty. Again chill foreboding seized Rosalie. Supposing—supposing Hugh had come back and had gone away again—shutting up the house, dismissing the servants, seeking to end for ever a life that had brought no happiness to him?

She ran up the garden path, and then remembered that she did not have a latchkey with her. She rang and knocked loudly. In a few moments the door was opened. Rosalie was inexpressibly relieved to see the housemaid.

"Why is the house so dark? Is Mr. Grieve in?"

"No, ma'am. He has been out since morning. And we didn't expect him."

"Did he say when he would be back?"

"No, ma'am. He didn't say. He said he would not be in for dinner."

Rosalie turned to her companions.

"Come in," she said in tones of infinite disappointment. "Hugh is out."

She switched up the electric light, and went from one room to another. An air of neglect, of depression hung about them all. It was difficult to believe that these were the rooms she had herself made so bright and inviting. With the two men, now silent, at her heels she entered her husband's study. A litter of papers and envelopes strewn the floor beside his desk. One letter caught her eyes. It was lying open where Hugh had been sitting. It was the letter announcing the meeting at which Hugh's affairs were to be discussed. She read it and handed it to Bannerman.

"It's for to-night. At seven-thirty. It is now eight-thirty. What's to be done?"

"Done! Bannerman clapped his hat on his head. "I'll see to that. There's a heap to be done. You come with me, Wynnie."

"And I—?" protested Rosalie.

"You wait here till we send your husband to you."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

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22-24, Great Portland St., W.



Women are being taught farming in Germany. This photograph was taken at Potsdam, where the Kaiser has a residence.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. Gulland.

mysterious place where the strings are pulled has been quite warm lately. And then there's Wimbledon. Mr. Gulland (whom I saw the other day looking far from cheerful) and Lord Edmund Talbot should enjoy their Easter "breather."

Secret History.

If ever the real inner history of the political affairs of the last two or three weeks comes to be written it will be a story even in its bold outline of facts that perhaps Oppenheim could hardly improve on. Two or three echoes have come my way lately, and although they only lifted just a little corner of the political veil my appetite for more was very keenly whetted.

The Hughes Dinner.

I'm told that the Labour Party dinner to Mr. Hughes takes place to-morrow night. It is to be a semi-private function in the Harcourt Room at the House of Commons.

A Busy Week.

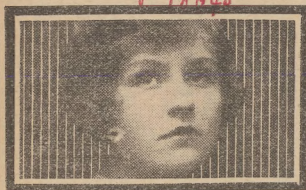
Despite the fact that this is Holy Week there are few new theatrical productions due in the coming few days. To-night we have "The Show Shop" and "Pick-a-Dilly," to-morrow night "Toto," fresh from a triumphant trial run at Plymouth, and "The Bing Boys Are Here," and on Saturday the "Q" play, "The Mayor of Troy." So I see a busy week ahead.

Not a Cockney.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—whose name should be pronounced Cooch, please remember—tells me Miss Clare Greet, who was the amusing landlady in "Who Is He?" is to take a small part in his new play, "The Mayor of Troy." There are no big parts for women in it. And Miss Greet will not be a Cockney for once.

A Stage Debutante.

The part of the heroine is to be played by that charming stage debutante, Miss Peggy Rush. Miss Rush is the protégée of Miss Hope



Miss Peggy Rush.

Charteris. I hear that, judging from rehearsals, a most sympathetic performance may be expected from her.

Miss Gence in New Role.

Mlle. Adeline Gence, the famous première danseuse, was to have appeared in a new rôle at the Coliseum last night. To my keen disappointment and to that of many other people, she was unable to appear, owing to a sprained ankle. For the first time in this country, she is going to appear in a humorous ballet. This has been specially written for her by C. Wilhelm, and in it Mlle. Gence dances for the first time an English hornpipe, a Scotch sword dance and an Irish jig.

Extravagant Ladies Please Note!

By the way, Mlle. Gence was telling me only a couple of days ago, when I met her at lunch, that she is an enthusiastic advocate of economy in dress among women in these days. Since the war broke out she has only ordered one new dress, and this a serviceable coat and skirt, which she hopes to be still wearing the day peace is declared.

Scouting for Charity.

Lady Maud Warrender's youngest boy, Harold, is now a scout, and very fine he looks in the uniform. He is tremendously keen on helping his mother at charity shows. At Drury Lane, where she was generalising the forces of programme sellers, he acted as her aide-de-camp—very efficiently, too.

Racing in Spain.

Big efforts are being made to popularise racing in Spain, and, with his usual enthusiasm, King Alfonso is doing his utmost to make the sport a success. Some time ago it was announced that he had offered a gold cup to be competed for at San Sebastian, and now I see that he has purchased three two-year-olds at present in training at Newmarket.

The Duke of Toledo.

King Alfonso, who will race as the Duke of Toledo, showed no great interest in the Turf during his visits to England. His sporting tastes turned to shooting and polo, and at Hurlingham the handicapping committee formed such a high opinion of his play that they placed him on the same mark as Lord Dalmeida and Lord Castlereagh.

To Play "Portia."

"I have just come back from America where I have been playing with Mrs. Langtry, and am going to play Portia during the Shakespeare Festival at the Repertory



Miss Phyllis Relph.

Theatre, Birmingham," writes Miss Phyllis Relph to me in a cheery letter from her hotel. I have heard from other sources that Miss Relph had a most successful tour in the States, and I wish her luck now she is home again.

Lady Brassey's "Collection."

When I looked in at Lady Brassey's yesterday I was astonished to see what a medley of odd tins fills the great drawing-room overlooking Park-lane. Piled up on workmen's benches or forming irregular daedoes round the wall are heaps of tobacco tins, cigar boxes, sweet tins and biscuit tins. Soon they are to bulge with coins for Florence Nightingale's "Lamp Day."

The Expert from Below Stairs.

The corps of lady workers with whom I talked were having a great time making holes in them with chisels on a lead block and pasting miles of bright red paper and printed red labels on them, turning out thousands of attractive, collecting-boxes. Skilful as these ladies are, they tell me that the champion hole-cutter is one of Lady Brassey's maids, who handles the chisel as deftly as a trained workman!

Rambling at Easter.

I'm told there's going to be a great revival of walking parties in the coming Easter holidays. In recent years walking and rambling clubs have been growing in popularity, and the present curtailment of railway facilities has turned the thoughts of plenty of people towards tramping the King's highway.

Mr. Coborn, Sidesman.

There was an unusual lay reader at St. Mark's, Kennington, on Sunday. He was no other than Mr. Charles Coborn, the famous creator of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "Two Lovely Black Eyes," who has just been appointed a sidesman. Mr. Coborn read the lessons at both the morning and evening services.



Mr. Charles Coborn.

Church and Stage. But the combination of the Church and the music-hall is not so rare. That talented artist, Jolly John Nash, frequently read the lessons in a City church, and Mr. Harry Lauder has been known to deliver an address from the pulpit of a Nonconformist chapel.

The Lord Chancellor's Deputy.

Strolling round to the Lords, I found the Earl of Donoughmore on the Woolsack in place of Lord Buckmaster. Lord Donoughmore, a picture of robust health and happiness, is Chairman of Committees and receives a salary of £2,500 a year. But he does not, of course, wear a full-bottomed wig and black silk robes, as does the Lord Chancellor when he presides over the sittings.

They Waited in Vain.

It was a curious political day yesterday. While having a cup of tea at the Constitutional I heard a rumour that a very prominent Cabinet Minister had his resignation in his pocket. By the time I had a chop in the evening the rumour had developed into definite resignation. A number of prominent men waited for the official announcement.

Premier's Strong Hand.

At a late hour I heard that so far as the Cabinet itself was concerned the crisis has passed. This shows quite clearly—what, indeed, nobody doubted—that the Premier has a very strong hold over the Cabinet. But few will venture an opinion as to what will happen in the House.

"Ginger Group" Miss Him.

I am afraid that the accident to Sir A. Mond will prevent his taking part in politics for a few days. He will be sadly missed by the "Ginger" group, for Sir Alfred is a shrewd man with very sound judgment.

Black Satin Bedclothes.

Have you heard of the new black satin bedclothes which a fair beauty has invented? Coverlet and pillows are all to correspond and are embroidered with the crest, coronet or initials of the user.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith's Poems.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith has promised to recite one of her own poems at the concert to be given at the Æolian Hall on May 3 for the British Women's Hospital, so a member of the committee tells me.

Herb Garden Vogue.

As I told you it would be, herb gardens are the latest vogue in horticulture, and the gardeners on the great country estates are having a busy time this month planting out the once-despised deadly nightshade seedlings for the belladonna that is now worth almost its weight in gold.

Sir Albert Rollet's Garden.

That keen horticulturist Sir Albert Rollet, by the way, has a fine herb garden and a ready-made one—the maker, so Sir Albert told me the other day, being Charles James Fox. It is at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, and has long been a source of pleasure to its owner. With medicinal herbs at their present famine price, it might be very profitable, too!

"K. J." Keeps Going.

I saw Mr. Kennedy Jones yesterday morning in his London office in King's Bench-walk. He was looking none the worse for the strenuous labours of the last few days, and smiled grimly as he handed to me a typewritten itinerary of his day's tour. Glancing at it, I noticed that he had arranged to visit no fewer than thirty-eight places in the constituency during the course of the day. This probably constitutes a record in electioneering.

Rivalling "P.A."

My old transatlantic friend, "P.A." tobacco, whose snappy advertisement wording I quoted the other day will have to look to its laurels. Australia is running it close in an advertisement for—I will call it "Lux"—cheese. I find this moving appeal in a Sydney newspaper:—

Just say to your grocer "Lux" cheese, and he'll shoot across the counter a dinky little tin or jar which, when opened, is bound to make a score with you.

Who could resist that "dinky" appeal?
THE RAMBLER.

War-Time Economy

Make 1/- do the work of 10/-.



On every hand are exhortations to economy and limitation of expenditure, and we want to suggest a very practical way of exercising these virtues. Nowadays, there is no earthly excuse for paying an extravagant price for a toilet cream, because a bottle of Alvinia Crème de Beauté costing one shilling is, as regards efficiency, pleasantness, fragrance and vanishing powers, far superior to expensive preparations sold under high-sounding fancy names. Alvinia Crème enables you to maintain the perfection of your complexion, at nominal cost, and receive first-class books free. A clear complexion, beautiful smooth arms, rosy-pink hands and exquisite neck are such precious gifts their possession cannot be too jealously guarded. Alvinia Crème protects your complexion and renders it easy to retain and enhance your natural advantages.

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MISTOOK "E" FOR "U."

Audacity by Which British Submarines Obtained Supplies.

TURKISH AUTHORITIES HOAXED

According to a Constantinople correspondent of an American paper, some amusing incidents occurred when the British submarines were operating in Turkish waters.

It was no recommendation for the E boat to be taken for a U boat, with disastrous results upon the person who made the mistake.

One day, writes the correspondent, an English submarine appeared off Cartal, on the Asiatic shore of Marmora, near the Princess Islands, and the local authorities took it for a German submarine, received it with cordiality and tried to give it all the provisions and benzine the commander wanted.

Another day two Englishmen from a submarine, speaking Turkish fluently, went to the Greek grocery store of one Hermes, on the Grand Rue of Pera, and bought some 470 worth of provisions, and asked the store-keeper to get a vessika for a boat to carry the things to Princess Island for the German club there.

Hermes, after procuring the police card, hired a boat and went with the goods to collect the money.

Before the boat had reached the island a submarine appeared and took the goods and the two supposed Germans and disappeared.

Hermes was paid, but he was imprisoned by the Turks as an accomplice.

GERMANY'S FOOD TROUBLES.

That the scarcity of food is keenly felt in Germany is apparent from an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, by Herr Paul Harms.

The article strongly criticises the Government for having neglected to take precautionary measures at the right time.

Herr Harms urges that support should be given to the petition sent to the Chancellor by the delegates from various towns in favour of the better regulation of the food supply to German cities, and that it is high time to fulfil the justified demands of the Statetags.

AUSTRALIA'S "WAR BABIES."

The Victorian Government has decided to introduce legislation to legitimise the offspring of soldiers on active service.

The Chief Secretary states that in most cases brought to his notice the men had married the mothers, but had neglected before being sent abroad to make the necessary application to have their babies legitimised.

BROKE INTO FLAT TO ESCAPE.

"I broke into these premises to escape from other premises and not to steal," said Horace George Kingsland, aged twenty-three, a variety agent, at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday when he was charged on remand with breaking and entering a flat in Piccadilly and stealing property value £220.

He escaped from this flat into another, where he was arrested after barricading door after door against his pursuers.

He was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

PICTISH CHIEF'S HOME.

Crofter's Plough Uncarths Wonderful Ancient Dwelling.

John Macintyre, of Kilkenneth, a crofter on the Island of Tiree, has made a surprising discovery of a subterranean dwelling-place, believed to predate the arrival of Celts in the Western Isles of Scotland.

His plough removed a large stone in the roof of the main passage, and he was subsequently able to investigate about 80ft. of the building.

The structure is octagonal in shape and is separated from an encompassing wall of the same shape by passage 4ft. wide and 5ft. high. Both roof and walls are built without mortar, yet they are very strongly put together, and many of the stones are remarkably large.

This underground encampment is, in the opinion of those qualified to judge, neither a broch nor a semi-broch, but resembles rather an Eskimo dwelling, and is supposed to have been the home of a Pictish chief.

It is certainly the most interesting and perfect prehistoric pile in Tiree, an island rich in Fingalian legends and tales of chieftains and battles.

NEWS ITEMS.

No Butter from Russia.

It has been definitely decided that no export of butter whatever will be allowed to take place from Russia at present, and that no private firms, Russian or foreign, will be allowed to buy butter in Siberia this year.

Salonica Newspaper Suppressed.

For publishing information detrimental to the interests of the French Army in the Balkans, General Sarraill, states Reuter, has suppressed *Nea Aithia*, a local newspaper, and has occupied the offices by French gendarmes.

Rubber Found in Coffee Bags.

During the unloading of the Norwegian-American liner *Lyngensfjord*, states Reuter, a coffee bag burst, and it was discovered that the bag really contained rubber. The consignment of 250 bags to a Copenhagen firm on examination were found to be partially filled with rubber, which was seized.

STILL DEARER FOOD.

Food prices, since the beginning of the war, are up by 49 per cent., says the *Board of Trade Labour Gazette*.

This figure relates to food only, and in estimating the increased cost of living this percentage must not be applied to the total family expenditure, but only to that portion which is expended on food.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

Lance-Corporal Dido Gains defeated Private Billy Rowland on points in a twenty-round contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon.

At Hoxton All Wye beat Fred Jacks on points in fifteen rounds.

With the approval of Lord Kitchener, the Southern Counties Cycling Union will hold a sports meeting at Herts Hill on Good Friday, when the chief events will be an inter-regimental team race and an international cycling match. The profits will be handed to the War Office for the provision of additional comforts for the troops at the front.

WHITELEYS

Special Offers for Easter



Black Velvet Spelt and Chenille Veil. 1/3d with Velvet Band, 14 yd. long.

Black or Paris figured Net Blouse over White, daintily trimmed with Black Lace and Moire Ribbon. Sizes 13, 14, 14½. 12/9

White Muslin Blouse, trimmed with fine embroidery, hemstitched shoulder and cuffs. Sizes 13 to 14½ in. 5/11



Smart Shirt, of rich Crepe de Chine, hemstitched front and shoulders, finished at neck with Black Moire tie, Sky, Fleish Pink, Champagne, black, and Ivory. Sizes 13 to 21/9

Twenty-four dozens of well cut Shantung Silk Shirts, with hemstitched front, and Raglan Sleeves, fastening with pearl buttons. 13 to 14½ in. 5/11

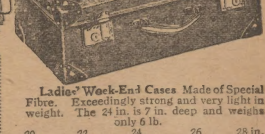
Girls' Smart Suit, in White and Coloured Linen, with novelty belt and new steel fastening. All sizes 29/11



Ladies' Patent Court Shoes, with oval Black buckle, low vamp and Cuban heels. 12/11 pair



Ladies' Glass Kid Shoes, with large self-covered round buckle. 14/11 pair



Ladies' Worst-Ed Cases. Made of Special Fibre. Exceedingly strong and very light in weight. The 24 in. is 7 in. deep and weighs only 6 lb. 20 14/6 22 16/- 24 17/9 26 19/6 28 in. 21/-



Holiday Trunks. The foundation is 3-ply Veneer Wood, covered with Brown-painted Canvas, fitted with strong Wood Hinges, 2 double-action Locks and centre Clip. With Tray. Strongly built, well finished. At exceptionally low prices. In three sizes: 30 33/6 33 36/6 36 in. 39/6



MIGNON. — Dainty Coat, in good quality Navy and Black Chiffon Taffeta. Ideal for afternoon wear. In all sizes. 63/-

ESTELLE. — Smart Waiking Coat, in Navy and Black Coat-finish Serge. Full skirt, finished at waist with narrow belt. In all sizes. 39/6

Special Offer of Fashionable MARABOU and OSTRICH COLLARS, Black or Natural, finished with smart Ribbon Rosette. Just the thing for present wear. To be cleared at each 8/11

If you have a Son, Brother or Friend

who has answered his country's call, send him a Guaranteed Ingersoll, fitted with Luminous or Glow Dial.

We particularly recommend the Luminous Dial Ingersolls, because they tell you the correct time as well by night as by day.

They are ideal for use in the trenches, and when on night duty. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Triumph 6/6, Eclipse 10/-, Junior 12/6, Wrist 13/6

Luminous Dial: 2/6 or 5/- extra.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 251 Audley House, Ely Place, London, E.C.



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

SHAFTESBURY. — At 8.15. Mats. Weds. Sats. 2.15. SPECIAL MATINEE, EASTER MONDAY, at 2.15. Robert Courtinidge's Production.

STRAND. — At 8.30. The New Farcie, "THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS" Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30. SPECIAL MATINEE, EASTER MONDAY, at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE. — At 8.15. "SAMPLES!" New Version. H. Graham's Revue. 8.15. MAT. Weds. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. Special Matinee, Easter Monday, at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. — At 8.30. Mats. Weds. Sats. 2.30. Special Matinee, Thursday Next (April 20), at 2.30. A KISS FOR CINDERELLA, by J. M. Barrie. Gerald du Maurier.

HIPPODROME, London. — Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KILLGORE, HARRY TATE, YETTA RANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKLEY, and Super-Ballet Chorus.

ALHAMBRA. — First Night, Wed. next, at 8 p.m. Geo. Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's New Revue, "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." GEORGE ROBEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORRAINE. Matinee, Weds. Sat. and Easter Monday, at 2.15.

PALACE. — "BRICA-BRAC" (at 8.30), with CORTIE MILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, NELSON KEYS, TEDDIE GERARD, CLARA EVELYN, A. SIMON GIRARD, GINA PALEME. Varieties at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. and Easter Monday, at 2.

PALLADIUM. — 2.30, 8.30 and 9. "BRIDES" Revue, featuring EDGAR DRIVER and BILLIE BELL. Varieties by HARRY WELDON, MISS CLARICE MAYNE and "THEAT" MISS HETTY KING, CORALLA and EDDIE, CARMEN TERRA, THREE MAHERS, etc.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC. GRAMOPHONE. — Model Drawing-room Cabinet, very dainty; height, 4ft., on wheels, beautifully inlaid; perfect tone; with selection of celebrated records; accept 65 15s.; approval with pleasure. — 15, Upper Portchester-st, Hyde Park, London.

Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Queen's Rd., London, W

FOUR BRITISH AIRMEN

P16275.



Flight-Sub-Lieutenant I. H. W. Barnato.

Daily Mirror

BOMB CONSTANTINOPLE

P18891

P18891



Flight-Lieutenant K. S. Savory.



Flight-Sub-Lieutenant Dickinson.

AND RETURN SAFELY

P16200.



Squadron-Commander J. R. W. Smythe-Piggott.

British aeroplanes have flown over the Sultan's capital and dropped bombs on buildings of military importance. These are the four men who carried out what the Admiralty statement shows must have been a very difficult and dangerous task. The flight to

Constantinople and back, we are told, measured more than 300 miles, and that though there was fine weather at the start of the flight the conditions became adverse with wind, rain and thunderstorms.—(Vandyk and Central Press.)

CAVALRYMEN DEFEATED.

P11908 M.



The winners score their first goal.

FOR LATE SPRING.

P18891



Outdoor dress carried out in black taffeta. The new frilled sleeves are a feature.—(Henri Manuel.)

TWO HEROES DECORATED.

P18891



The Lord Mayor of Bradford standing between Corporal A. Smith and Corporal James Hunt (bareheaded). Both have won the D.C.M. and the latter the St. George's Cross.

BELGIAN BISHOP IN ENGLAND.

P18892.



Monsignor De Wachter, the Belgian Bishop, who has been sent to England by Cardinal Mercier of Malines, with some of his little communicants.



A British officer congratulates the victors.

An interesting football match took place behind the firing line, when a team of poils defeated an eleven of British cavalrymen by two goals to one.